

# Calls on Young Men to Prepare for Period of Greatest Prosperity

United States Treasurer John Burke Predicts a Great Time Ahead for This Country and Sees a Splendid Day Dawning for Advancing Generation

**A**RISING at school on a Friday afternoon John Burke said: "Hurrah for McClellan and the Union!"

John Burke was 4 years old. It was his first speech. McClellan then was the military hero of the North. John Burke's mother was a Democrat. Furthermore she was Irish. The same can be said of John Burke's father.

Since that Friday afternoon there on the prairies of Iowa the life of John Burke, now Treasurer of the United States at a salary of \$8,000, has been passed largely in speech making, mostly to juries and every autumn to outpourings of the electorate.

The war boards of Germany, Russia and the Allies cannot teach John Burke anything in the line of tactics or strategy. John Burke, as may have been guessed by the office he holds and the parents he had, is a Democrat. Nevertheless he has been in the public service on and off for twenty-five years—and in North Dakota, a Republican State. He was Governor of that Commonwealth for three terms. At Baltimore in 1912 he was almost nominated for Vice-President.

The figures of his contests when he was up for Governor are astonishing. At the first election, in 1905, John Burke ran ahead of his ticket by some 13,000 votes. He received 21,000 more votes in 1908 than any other Democratic candidate. His lead over his ticket in 1910 was 22,000 votes.

The three Legislatures which served while he was Governor were, as he expresses the fact, overwhelmingly Republican. All of the State officers but himself were Republicans. Even so, many of the modern laws of North Dakota bear the imprint of John Burke at their tops, along their margins and at their ends.

There was a period of twelve years during which John Burke spent all of his time practicing law at Devils Lake. He stumped in every campaign, but he did not ask for office. Then—suddenly, it might almost be said—he looked his desk, got into an automobile and from six to fourteen times a day, in halls and public schools, told the men of North Dakota that he meant to be Governor of their State.

"I said the time had come for a change," he was explaining to an interviewer for *The Sun* in Washington the nature of his appeal and the method of his electioneering—"I didn't attack the Republican party."

"The men who were running the State, as I was particularly to point out, were not Republicans. If they had been Republicans, things would have been better and different, would have been all right, in fact."

"They claimed to be Republicans. It is true, but they were railroad agents and lobbyists first of all and were bringing disgrace upon the honorable and historical organization they pretended to represent."

"Yes, the plan of the campaign was a success. I was elected. Ramsey county, where I live, strongly Republican, gave me 1,537 votes, as against 476 votes for my opponent, Rollette county, where I first settled on moving to North Dakota, also strongly Republican, gave me 1,029 votes and my opponent just about one-third of that number. So it went, county after county, all of which proved that the people, as I had supposed, were ready for a new man and new methods."

"We increased the taxes of the railroads 33 1-3 per cent, by raising the assessed value of their property. The railroads fought us bitterly, but after they were beaten their lawyers came to my office and said they were satisfied."

"Little politicians had been flying all over the State with their pockets filled with railroad passes. We emptied their pockets and the little politicians ceased to travel. Then we passed a law taking the election of Judges out of partisan politics. Likewise we enacted a better primary law."

"Do you still believe in nominating candidates for office at primaries instead of at conventions?" Mr. Burke was asked.

"I do," he replied. "The day is coming when candidates for President will be chosen in that manner. There will

be national conventions or commissions for the counting of ballots and for the writing of platforms, but the candidates will be nominated by the voters themselves and not by delegates."

"But doesn't the expense of primary elections tend to keep poor men out of the contests over nominations?"

"It is said that the primary plan of nominating candidates for office means two campaigns for the successful candidate, one to obtain the nomination and one for the election which follows. There is some ground for that objection to the plan. But no new and revolutionary method of doing public business is perfect at first. It has to be tested and changed as experience accumulates."

"You must believe, then, that representative government has not been a success?"

"Such is not my belief at all," Gov. Burke replied. "Government by representatives is the best government devised by man, after it has been strengthened by the initiative and the referendum, which might be called a latent police power for the protection of emergencies of the people in matters of legislation. The initiative and the referendum supply in short a weapon of defence and offence and if possessed by the people cause legislators to walk in prudence, wisdom and honesty."

"It should be kept in the armory of the people's power and their rights, however, and be used only when necessary. Then the passage of a law not wanted by the public would be followed by the repeal of the law and the political death of the men who enacted it. Then the passage of a law demanded by the public and refused by the legislature could not be prevented. The knowledge that the initiative and referendum were ready at hand for immediate use would make their use unnecessary."

"Should the decisions of Judges also be submitted to a vote of the people?"

"That would be dangerous and ridiculous," Gov. Burke answered. "Only men learned in the law are competent to render decisions with respect to the law or to pass on the decisions so made. If the findings of a court were to be reviewed by the voters, the court, in many instances, would feel around beforehand to learn the state of public opinion and popular opinion might change completely after the decision went into effect."

"What big question is before the country?"

"Now," Gov. Burke replied, stretching his long, slim legs out in front of him and resting them on the rug by the tips of his heels, "I am going to turn prophet. First of all, I'll say that the most delicate duty at present confronting the nation is to keep out of the European war."

"The Americans, professionally, are not a fighting people. There are only a few soldiers in the United States. But the soldiers we have, deserving advancement, which is natural and commendable in all walks of life, would be glad if war came and would clamor for places on the battle front."

"Every officer in the army was ambitious to accompany Funston to Vera Cruz. If the army ruled here, as it does in Europe, the United States, I am sure, would be fighting this very minute."

"Having" shown the wind Europe is reaping the whirlwind. It is butchering all of its able bodied young men, and hundreds of thousands of middle

aged men. Great stretches of country will be in ruins. "Every foot of Belgium has been devastated. Northern France is filled with the debris of battle—farms, vineyards, and factories have been wrecked. Such is the picture at present. Conditions, however, are to grow worse."

"For years to come, perhaps for centuries, maybe forever, the United States is to be the one great nation on earth, financially, agriculturally and industrially. Men may disagree about the questions of free trade and a protective tariff. Those subjects, however, can be put aside. The factories and mills of Europe are shut. Practically imports have stopped. All we have to do at present and for a long time to come is to trade our products for European gold."

"This is to be the richest and happiest country in the world. I would call on our young men to prepare themselves for the boom that is on the way. They are to lead mankind, being Americans, in all the useful works of civilization. They are to be the wisest statesmen, the ablest financiers, the most successful farmers and the most progressive and prosperous manufacturers on earth; but they must be alert, honorable and diligent."

"A splendid day is dawning on the advancing generation. I like to talk to young men. I would say, if all young men could be brought together in one place, that while their future is glorious, their responsibility is very great and serious. "I would remind them that an industrious man is always a successful man. He is always a happy man. He never gets into trouble—no one ever got into trouble while at work. No one ever broke the laws of his country while he was at honest employment. Idleness begets crime, trouble and shame."

"I would also like to say that in all the important problems of life no young man can afford to take any but the moral side of those problems. Get on the moral side and stay on the moral side. And meanwhile be practical. Education is necessary, but it is of little value unless it is applied in a common sense way to the everyday affairs of life."

"I remember a teacher who could read Latin and Greek and speak several modern languages. A calf got his head through a fence at the schoolhouse one morning. The children ran to the teacher, and he, appearing on the scene, took the calf by the tail, braced his foot against a post and pulled, while the calf opened its mouth and bawled until it could be heard for a mile."

"A boy ploughing in the field, who could only read and speak his own tongue, and that none too correctly, came to the fence, grasped the calf by the nose with one hand and by the ear with the other hand, twisted its head sideways and the calf's head came out the way it went in."

"You were a country boy yourself," I said.

"Yes, I was born on a farm in Iowa. My mother and father were Irish but they met and married in the United

States. My mother died while I was a small child and my father went out West after gold."

"He was a careful and able man and owned 200 acres of rich prairie land. On his return from the gold country he bought another farm. I attended district school every winter until I was 19 years old. Two of my brothers taught the school for a time."

"I wanted to become a farmer and make live stock a specialty. At the age

of 13 I found what behind a reaper, covering my station promptly, along with the best of men. But one of my brothers had studied law and gone to Des Moines and my father, thought there ought to be another lawyer in the family. I obeyed orders and took the law course at the State University of Iowa."

"The Burkes, my brother and myself, attorneys at law, did very well at Des Moines, though they didn't make big

money. In 1888 I moved to North Dakota, settling at St. John, a town of 175 inhabitants, close to the Manitoba boundary. It was a very new country and the people were poor. I had all I could do in land cases, but very little real money came in."

"Indeed I have always had as much business as I could transact. I have been so busy that my personal collections have been overlooked. I've been coming to me that were earned but thirty years ago."

"I worked four weeks on my second case at St. John. It was a contest over a homestead. At the end of the trial which went in our favor, my client, at his own suggestion, gave me a mortgage on Bright and Brindle, his yearling oxen. Shortly after that he moved away."

"I looked up the oxen and found they were non-existent. Bright and Brindle were imaginary animals with which an innocent young lawyer had been dealt by a wicked farmer. Such was my introduction into the bar of North Dakota."

"When the county seat was moved to Rolla I went along. A year after going to St. John I was elected County Judge. At the end of the second year I was in the lower house of the Legislature, making the following year to be sent to the county seat. The county was Republican by a large majority and I was a Democrat."

"How did you turn Republican votes into votes for John Burke?"

Treasurer Burke stroked his very black hair, pinched his eyes into a pucker, and said: "Oh, I simply asked to be nominated—I have never asked for any office, and they just voted for me."

From Rolla John Burke moved to Devils Lake, a large town on the main line of the Great Northern Railway. He practiced law grown until clients came to him from counties in the northeastern part of the State. He had been out of public office for more than a decade when Republican North Dakota called him Governor.

"How do you pass the time," I asked him, "when you are not working?"

"I sleep," he said.

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## A LAST WORD WITH WIVES CONTEMPLATING PURCHASE OF CHRISTMAS CIGARS

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

THESE are anxious days for the titular head of the house. He feels a vague uneasiness, a foreboding of dire evils approaching, which he cannot escape. His sleep is troubled and he wakes almost with a taste in his mouth, such a taste as he has not known for twelve long months.

Every time he misses some of his spare change from his trousers pocket he experiences a qualm of distress about the epistatium. As Christmas Day draws near he thinks more and more seriously of announcing his decision to give up smoking, but the awful vision of neckties that fills his mind deters him from such a rash act.

For the information of all whom it may concern, even if it be discouraging news to smokers, it may be stated here that recent exhaustive scientific investigations have proved (a) that there is no nicotine present in tobacco smoke, and (b) that the smoke from cigarettes contains a deadly poison called nicotine. Studies hitherto made by more or less unbiassed physiologists to determine the effect of tobacco smoking upon human beings and college men have been faulty in one important respect—the investigators have experimented with nicotine and not with tobacco smoke.

Moreover, many of the tests have been made upon animals that had never learned to smoke at all, and in some cases the experimenters have failed to report how much if any nicotine or other poison the tobacco contained. Obviously it is unfair to kill a stray hound with a hypodermic injection of

tobacco extract and deduce from the experiment the conclusion that cigarettes are coffin nails.

Personally we are of the opinion that the worse the quality of Christmas cigars the better for the community as a whole. It is our firm conviction that tobacco was intended only for a briar pipe with a short, half curved stem. Not that we are in the least prejudiced against other forms of smoking. Far be it from us to say that any man may not choose his own way of suicide. The only argument we wish to put forward is the simple proposition that a man's wife should, if convenient, make sure that his insurance is all in good shape before she starts out on her tour of Christmas shopping.

Assuming that she has made up her mind to it, we venture to present a few suggestions for her guidance. When a woman enters a tobacco emporium, with all its glittering glass and flashing gold and attentive salespeople hastening to her service, she is apt to suffer a pronounced exasperation of her natural instinct for barter and gain. The clerk may do their level best to interest her in beautiful designs in the way of boxes, bands, foil and ribbon, but all the time she is figuring how she can get a bargain, and this at a time when all the clerks are seeing at least double.

Just to show her sangfroid, like a good husband in a department store, she stops at first in front of the twenty-five cent case and looks over the display appreciatively. A very obliging young man advances with imitation alacrity and inquires deferentially:

"Was there something special you had in mind, madam?"

"Why, yes; I believe—aren't those long, brown ones just too pretty? Such an ugly box, though. Can't you—oh, here's a cute one right here. Can't you change the boxes?"

"I see; they'll hardly fit, will they? Have you any—ah—dear me, I can't think—"

She turns to the fifteen cent case, thinking to beat the band, and the clerk follows hopefully. There are two other cases between the three and the three and the clerk knows perfectly well where she will finally find what she wants, but he brings out a few boxes of quality stuff just for the pleasure of the thing.

"Let me see, was it Pankadoras? No; that wasn't the name. Why, you ought to know what I mean. They're the kind real nice men smoke as a rule—not bad smelling, you know, and such a dear little band. Pankadoras—no, no, maybe it was Pankadellas. Well, I'll have to give it up. I think I'll call later when I can tell you the name. My husband is so particular, you know. Strange how a name—"

"Oh, now I remember; it was something like Pantaloonas. Have you any Pantaloonas at moderate prices?"

The clerk smiles and the lady blushes. "I declare, perhaps that wasn't the right name after all. Really one should make a note of such things. But never mind, I can come in later."

The clerk has an inspiration. "Could it have been Pantalollas?" he wonders.

"That's just it! Now, how funny I couldn't recall that name. You keep them, do you? How nice! May I see them, please?"

"Here's a very excellent box of Pantalollas, a new lot just received from the Pittsburg factory, madam. Instead of packing them in ordinary cigar boxes, you see, they are put up in decorated Christmas boxes especially for the holiday trade. A hundred in a box and the price is made remarkably low as an inducement to introduce the brand. Only a dollar sixty-eight the box."

"But they look so crooked and unfinished," protests the shopper, doubtfully. "Are you sure they are Pantalollas?"

"Here's the label right here, madam—'Christmas Pantalollas, guaranteed. Smoke one and you'll never smoke anything else'—so you can see for yourself."

A sale. It is a rule of the store in holiday season that each clerk must make a sale a day of Christmas Pantalollas, and the decorated box helps some.

A salesman is permitted, in case of necessity, to tie a ribbon about the box too, but the cost of the ribbon is charged up against his week's wages.

Ladies entering the cigar market would do well to take along a sample of the desired goods and when matching it up with the goods take the salesman's number as a guarantee that the goods are as represented. Then along toward January 10 the recipient of the present will not make the mistake of thrashing the proprietor himself. Always get the clerk's number and stick

it on the box beside the Red Cross stamp.

A good cigar in combustion gives off about a quart of carbon-monoxide gas, which is inhaled in one great whiff would be sufficient to put the hardest smoker under cover for an indefinite period. A Christmas cigar, on the other hand, gives off sundry other lethal emanations, and yet the recipient rarely shows more than psychic depression therefrom. The reason for this is that Christmas cigars burn much more rapidly than everyday cigars. We have seen a box of Christmas cigars go up in smoke while we were transporting a shovel of coal to the furnace door to cover the fire.

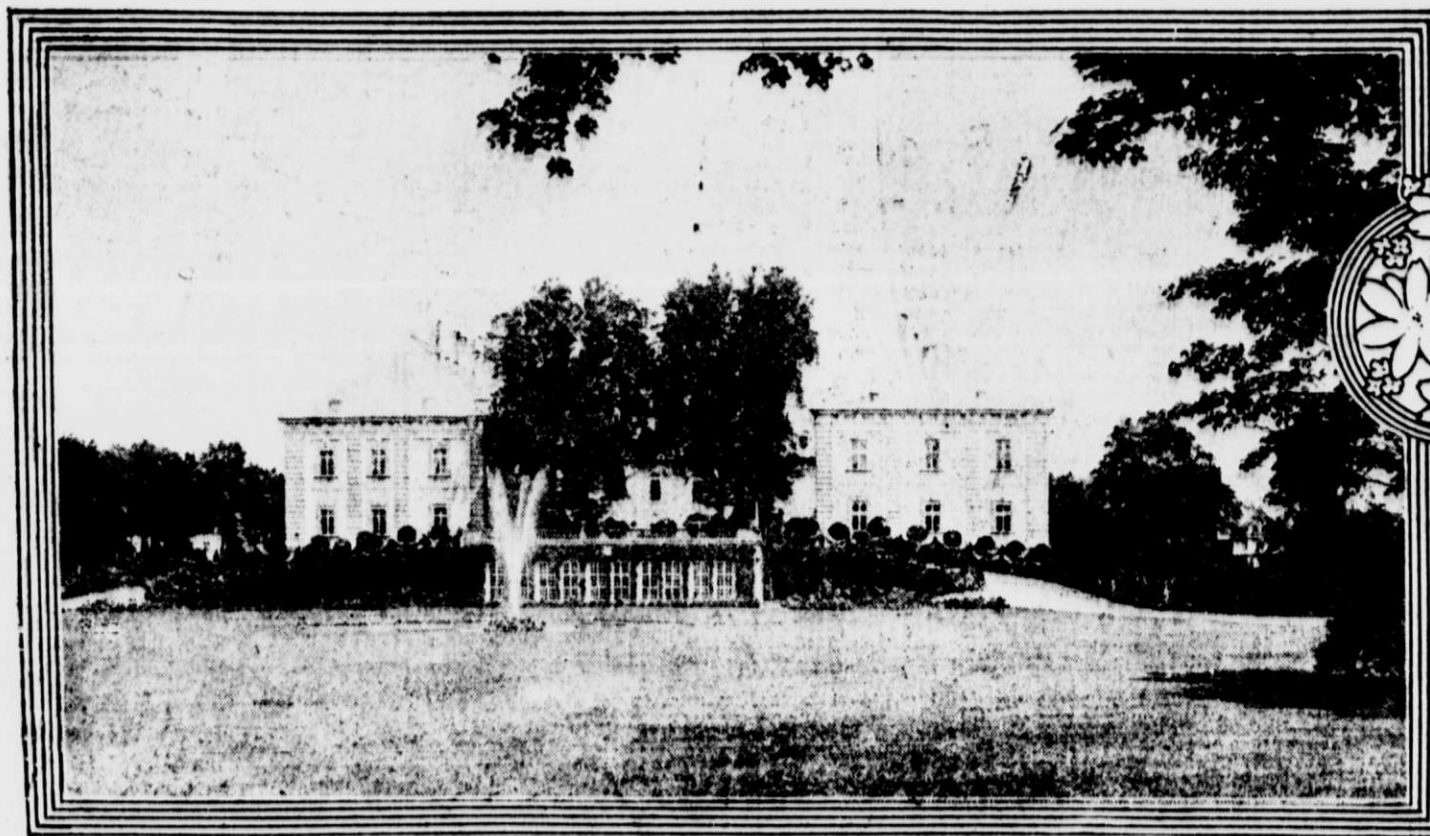
At our house we try to entertain a certain club—a sort of a neighbors' sunshine circle—shortly after the holidays. We always have the vacuum cleaners and districtors go over the place late in January anyhow. It is the great occasion when we pay off the year's old scores, and being much devoted to the briar, I at least enjoy the affair immensely. Every time the cigars are passed I feel happier and happier until, toward the close of the evening, I am almost tempted to smoke one myself.

In homes where the wife takes care of the furnace it should be understood that she will arrange for a little gathering of her husband's friends soon after Christmas. Under these terms her selection of holiday smoking material will give him no great concern, but besides the arrangement tends to keep him pretty much at home nights the rest of the year.



John Burke, Treasurer of United States.

## Interesting Old Sagan Palace in Silesia, Belonging to Anna Gould's Son, Partly Destroyed



Rear view of the Palace of Sagan in Silesia.

The beautiful palace of Sagan in Silesia, which belongs to the young son of Anna Gould, the Prince de Sagan, has been partly destroyed and what is left of it is now being used as barracks by the Russian troops, who have taken possession of it. It was one



The Red Salon.

of the most interesting old palaces in Germany, if not in Europe. The Princes of Sagan had not occupied it for three generations, preferring the life of Paris. There are thousands of acres and mines rich in coal and iron that have never been touched.